

The Northern Galaxy

AND MIDDLEBURY PEOPLE'S PRESS.

H. BELL, Editor and Proprietor.

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT.—WEDNESDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 27, 1843.

VOL. VIII.—NO. 34.

THE NORTHERN GALAXY,
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING
IN STEWART'S BUILDINGS,
BY J. COBB JR.

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tor.
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tor Post Paid.

For the Northern Galaxy.
THE MAY FLOWER.

A little sail is spreading
Its white pinion o'er the deep—
Above it flows a Winter Sky,
And the tempests around it sweep;
And the Steersman with forbidding eye,
His place at the helm doth keep.

Home forsaken—Fatherland
Is sunk behind the Sea;
Within a constricted hand
Is drifting forward rapidly
To a solitary Land;
Eager they press to gain its FREE,
Though inhospitable strand.

The frail bark trembles in the blast,
That gently behind doth rave;
On the rolling surges tossed,
Of the dark Atlantic Wave,
To every eye save ONE it looms,
By all lost one forego—
But one Hand there is, that bark to save,
One Eye that forgets it not.

For that bark is freighted with the Seed
From which a harvest must arise,
Whose roots shall o'er the Earth be spread,
Whose boughs shall reach the Skies.

When the European Palace
Have crumbled into dust,
When their glories and their tyrannies
Have been buried with the past—
Then by far distant Nations
Shall that Pilgrim Band be blest;
And men shall turn with veneration
To the Rocks that first they pressed.

Where they floated first the banner
Whose light folds shall ne'er be furled,
Until they wave triumphant, over
An Enslaved World.

Q115.

Middlebury, Dec. 16, 1843.

J. C. CALHOUN AGAINST PROTEC-
TION—AS EVER.

Several weeks ago, we noted a letter from Hon. J. C. Calhoun to a planter of Louisiana, intimating a willingness, on his part, so to arrange the tariff as to protect the produce of slave-labor. This was the inference pretty extensively drawn from that letter, and now Mr. Calhoun feels himself forced to forbid the idea that he has swerved one iota from his ultra hostility to the doctrine of protection. He goes for a revenue duty merely on sugar; and it is when an attempt is made to reduce that duty below the revenue standard, he will resist it—not because sugar ought, of right, to be protected, but "because it is the product of slave-labor"!!

The reader may very readily see what sort of Protection Mr. Calhoun would give to the free products of Vermont,—the protection of the wolf to the lamb, of course. Yet this man is a prominent loco foco candidate for the presidency, and the loco foco party, (including those in this State who profess favor to protection,) are bound to support him, if nominated. Annexed is Mr. Calhoun's last letter, which was addressed to the editor of the Richmond Enquirer. Had it appeared previous to the Louisiana election, we suspect the result would have been somewhat different.

W. Watchman.

FORT HILL, Nov. 11, 1843.

Dear Sir:—I write this to correct the mistake you made, in supposing that, in my letter to a gentleman in North Carolina, on the subject of a tariff, (published in the Enquirer of the 7th inst.) I referred to my letter to Mr. Nicholas, of Louisiana, published in the same article. The letter referred to was to Mr. Delany, of Louisiana, and was in answer to one containing an inquiry similar to one addressed to me from North Carolina. The answer to Mr. Nicholas was to one on a very different subject. If you had adverted to dates, you would have avoided the mistake. The North Carolina letter refers to one recently written. It is dated the 24th September last, and the letter to Mr. Nicholas, 7th May, 1842, more than 15 months before.

"I regret the mistake. Unauthorized liberty has been taken with my letter to Mr. Nicholas, by printing portions in italics and the word 'protecting' in glaring capitals, calculated to make the impression, that I, too, am an advocate of the protective policy; and that, too, by editors professing to be opposed to protection and friendly to me, as well as those in favor, and politically hostile to me. By such means, hasty readers have been led to believe that I admit the right of protecting the Louisiana sugar planters against foreign competition by the imposition of duties on the foreign article for that purpose, directly against the plain import of my let-

ter. The protection of which I spoke I expressly stated to be, not against foreign competition, but against the machinations of the opponents of slave labor." I intended simply to say, that I would resist, in adjusting the tariff, any attempt that might be made to take off or reduce the duty, that foreign sugar ought fairly to pay, on revenue principles, on the ground of discouraging the domestic article, because it was the product of slave labor.

"What I regret in your mistake, is, that it is calculated to strengthen the false impression made by the unauthorised italics and capital letters, not only by publishing my letter with them, but still more strongly, by publishing it as the one referred to in my North Carolina letter, in confirmation and elucidation of my opinion on the subject of protection.

"As it is my wish to be fully and explicitly understood on that and all other public subjects, I must request you to publish what I have written in the Enquirer.

"With respect, I am, Sir, &c. &c.

J. C. CALHOUN.

"Thos. Ritchie, Esq."

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.
The Reward of Perseverance.

BY EDWARD WESTER.

"Honor and shame from no condition run."
"Was the Saturday Courier in the mail, to-day?" inquired a lad dressed in the humble garb of a mechanic's apprentice, at the Post Office of a flourishing village in one of the Northern States, soon after the commencement of that excellent miscellany.

"I'll take the contents of our box, if you please," said a young gentleman, stepping from an elegant carriage at the door, containing several ladies, and pushing rather rudely before his humble neighbor, who quietly drew back to give him room.

"I will wait on you as soon as I have looked out Thomas Hunter's paper," replied the officer.

"Thomas Hunter can wait," replied the other, casting a look of contempt upon the apprentice boy; "Col. Thornton's daughters are at the door.—It is high if they are to be detained for the sake of accommodating such a fellow."

A sudden blush passed over the face of the apprentice, and taking the paper tossed him by the Post Master, he withdrew in silence.

Mr. George Washington Masterton, for such was the young gentleman's name, was now served, and if anything could excite the just envy of a less favored individual, it was the extent and variety of literature to which he had access, as periodical after periodical, both domestic and foreign, were produced upon the counter, which he ordered the servant to deposit in the carriage, and then entering it himself, was whirled away as noble a pair of horses as ever started at the crack of whip.

In the meantime, our apprentice hurried home on foot; it being noon, and having an hour allowed him for his meals, he usually managed to devote half of it to reading and study. Seating himself at a rude desk in one corner of the shop, he hastily unfolded the sheet, and glanced with anxious eyes, over the very last page; then at the middle ones; and finally turned with disappointed looks, to the first murmuring as he did so—"I was a fool for sending it, or dreaming a mechanic's apprentice could write an article worthy the public eye," when he gave a sudden start, turned pale as death, and in spite of all his efforts to restrain it, dropped a tear upon its yet damp folds. The first item upon the page was his own production—come clasp and beautiful verses—the first he had ever offered for publication his want of confidence in his own powers preventing him from looking at first where their superior merit entitled them to stand. In the editor's gossip with the readers and correspondent, was a compliment, unexpected as it was gratifying; and he could scarcely believe his eyes as he read the high encomium.

Light was the heart with which he applied himself to his afternoon's task; and week succeeding week, found him still at his post, an industrious, faithful, and trusty lad; improving an opportunity to improve his mind, or to acquire the mastery of his trade, until, four years from the Post Office incident, found him commanding a salary of five hundred dollars a year, with the respect and confidence of all who knew him. Nor was he unknown in the literary world; some of his productions, both prose and verse, having been published in several of the best periodicals of our country, proving clearly, that following a laborious occupation does not exclude an individual from that elevated position, in the intellectual world, too often considered as belonging to affluence and a freedom from the stern duties of existence.

His father had been a private soldier in the Revolution—brave and patriotic—and though he had fought the battles of his country with unflinching courage, he returned at the close of the war, exhausted by privation and suffering—undecided with military distinctions, and with the written promises only of a Government too poor to meet demands upon her treasury, instead of arrearages of pay. These he was obliged to sell at an enormous discount, in order to sustain himself during the interval of prostration that fell upon every branch of business immediately succeeding the treaty of peace—so that, although Government subsequently redeemed its pledges, in his case, as in too many others, it enriched speculators instead of those to whom it was justly due. Still, he was able to obtain an honorable livelihood, and married at a rather late period of life. He gave his children a good common education;

imbuing their minds with principles of honesty and self respect; and was finally gathered to his fathers, with the satisfaction of thinking they would not disgrace the heritage of freedom for which he had fought and bled.

Young Masterton's grandfather had likewise been a soldier in the Revolution. Descended from a noble family, if I may be allowed the expression in a Government like ours, he was enabled to enter the service under more advantageous circumstances than the other, being advanced before the close of the war, to the post of a senior officer in the army. Possessing a valuable property, which descended to his only son, together with military lands granted him by the State, George's father, at the commencement of life, found himself in a high and honorable station of society. Marrying, likewise, into a family of wealth and influence, he gradually forgot those principles of equality taught by the founders of the Republic, and succeeded in teaching his two children, young Washington and Adeline, to shun the society of those who were guilty of so heinous a crime as that of laboring for a livelihood.

After leaving the office of which we spoke, Masterton and his sister accompanied the Misses Thornton home.

"Let us look at the plate of fashions in your magazine," said Miss Angelina Thornton, after they were seated in the parlor, addressing herself to Miss Masterton; "I am all anxiety to know the latest changes. Is it not beautiful?" she exclaimed, surveying its gaudy tints; "how gracefully that young gentleman pays his addresses."

"It is indeed beautiful," replied the other, "that bouquet he has just presented looks as if it was real!"

"Why, what is this?" exclaimed Washington, interrupting them, having in the mean time opened the Saturday Courier and scanned its contents; "The Beauties of Nature, by T. H., of—"

"That is our place," said Angelina Thornton. "Who can it be?" Various conjectures were indulged in without any satisfactory results, as the initials were applicable to none of their associates, until Caroline Thornton, a younger sister, with a noble brow and a frank, open countenance that spoke the purity of her heart, suggested that it might belong to Thomas Hunter, the shoemaker's apprentice; as he had been known to write several pieces for the literary society under an assumed name.

"A youth," she added, "although in humble circumstances and diffident almost to a fault, is an honour to the town in which he lives."

It was finally settled as belonging to him; and many were the ill-natured and envious remarks indulged in at the expense of an humble friend. The whole company, with the exception of Caroline, voting him a presumptuous person, having no right to so much honor.

"I wish you would not be forever defending such low persons," said Angelina, as Caroline entered her protest against their decision. "I should not be surprised if you married a shoemaker yet, you have so much sympathy for them."

A deep blush passed over Caroline's face at this remark, but she made no reply, and there the subject dropped. Although, owing the disparity of their conditions, Caroline Thornton and Thomas Hunter had rarely met, still several incidental circumstances had occurred to attract her attention, and impress her mind with his real worth. His unobtrusive, retiring manner in company where she had seen him once or twice; the superior excellence of his literary productions, read before the village lyceum, had made her acquainted with the extent of his mental acquisitions; and on one occasion when he risked his life to save that of a little boy, who would have perished but for his timely assistance, she learned the strength and decision of his character.

A stream of sufficient magnitude for driving mills, ran through the town, a clear and beautiful brook in ordinary times, but subject to rapid rise after heavy storms, when it became a maddened torrent, rushing on its impetuous course like a fiery steed, and bearing upon its bosom whole trees swept from the forest above the village.

On one side a steep bank lined the stream, above which a poor Irish family had reared their humble tenement. It was in the month of April, and a heavy rain had swollen the stream exceedingly, and been succeeded by a mild and sunny day. The children, having escaped the watchful eye of the mother, were amusing themselves by throwing sticks into the stream, and watching their disappearance down the current, just as Thomas Hunter passed along the other side with a basket of shoes to supply his master's customers. Caroline, ever a lover of nature, had been attracted to the spot by the wildness of the scene, and was answering the young man's salutation when their attention was arrested by a terrific shriek from the direction of the hut, and looking up, they saw the mother rushing wildly towards the bank, down which a child was seen an instant falling, and the next disappear beneath the foaming tide. Instantly disengaging himself from the basket, young Hunter plunged headlong into the flood, and succeeded in rescuing the little victim from the very jaws of death; yet so exhausted was he by the efforts as to be unable to stand when he reached the shore a quarter of a mile below. Caroline sped with the fleetness of a fawn along the bank—hastened across the bridge near which he landed to meet the mother and restore her child, and then hid to his side—chafed his temples with her own fair hand, and praised his conduct with such generous words that he could have risked a thousand times as much to gain such sweet reward. From that hour a flame was kindled in his heart, although

he strove to quench it from the beginning, and dared not own its existence, even to himself. Although in his wildest dreams he could never think of aspiring to her hand, yet it nerved his soul to high resolves, and was the means of preserving him from many a snare of vice and folly. Neither did it fail in its effects upon Caroline, for the manly form and noble conduct of our humble hero mingled with many a happy dream and many a walking vision. A reciprocal passion, as secret and as pure, took possession of her mind, and infused a melancholy through all her conduct more attractive than even her previous buoyant and happy spirits. But to return to our story.

The Mastertons at length separated from their friends. The young man was moody and silent for some distance on their way home, until asked by his sister for the cause of his ill-humor.

"There is something in that Courier you do not dream of," he replied, "and it is enough to provoke a saint. Read this," he continued, pointing to the complaint bestowed by the editors upon the "Beauties of Nature." Adeline read as follows: "The lines by 'T. H.,' on our first page, are beautiful. They evince genius and cultivated taste. We hope to present his favors often to the public through the medium of the Saturday Courier."

"That," said Masterton, "is for Tom Hunter, the shoemaker's apprentice who has never been to any but a common school in his life. Now look at the next one, you can see, by the initials, it is meant for me, as I sent a production not long ago." Adeline read:

"G. W. M.'s is an imposter. His 'Distinctions of Society' are as destitute of rhyme and measure as they are of sense. We wish to be troubled with no more such doggerel. We append a couple of his best lines as a sample of his calibre."

"The poor should know their place. Not try to elevate themselves their betters to disgrace."

It reminds us of the famous old couplet. Wasn't Pharaoh a rascal, Because he wouldn't let the children of Israel go three days into the wilderness to keep the Passover?"

"I have written six pieces besides that, and have sent them to as many different papers, but every one has been rejected, and yet I am acknowledged to be the greatest gentleman in town, and the influence of our family is known throughout the state."

Young Masterton sought not for the causes of success in the apprentice's case, or of failure in his own; but contented himself with anatomizing the whole race of editors, resolving henceforth to have no more to do with literary composition; and giving up all thoughts of intellectual culture, he devoted his whole time to the amusements of the day, attending the theatre, the billiard table, and the race course; associating with vicious and unprincipled persons, and imperceptibly forming habits, which, if indulged in, inevitably bring their votaries to misery and degradation.

Four years wrought changes in his circumstances, as in those of Thomas Hunter. He had followed to the grave his father, brought down from a state of florid health by an apoplectic fit; and subsequently his only sister, Adeline, hurried off the stage of action with a pulmonary disease, engendered by carrying to excess all the pernicious practices of fashionable life. All restraint was then removed—he found himself master of an ample fortune—and never having been compelled to acquire it, he could not appreciate its value. He lavished his money upon unworthy objects; and whilst young Hunter was gradually rising, he was rapidly sinking in the world's esteem.

At length, finding himself embarrassed for want of funds, by his extravagance, he resolved to sell the paternal estate, and remove to the city of New York, where a greater scope was offered for pleasure and indulgence. He immediately carried this resolution into effect, transferring all right and title in its broad domain and noble mansion to a retiring city merchant; and taking a heavy sum of cash as an equivalent, he turned his back upon his native village.

Thomas Hunter was preparing to leave the home of his childhood about the same time, but in an opposite direction, intending to seek his fortune in the growing West. As he was rambling over the scenes endeared by many a memory of early youth, preparatory to his departure,—perhaps for ever,—he encountered Caroline Thornton, upon the very spot where he had saved the child several years before. His intercourse with society had removed much of the diffidence of his earlier years, and he met her without embarrassment.

"Miss Thornton," said he after some preliminary conversation, "I am about leaving my native place, perhaps to return no more; but it is with deep regret that we are ties that bind me to it which will cause many a pang."

"Why do you leave us?" Caroline enquired, with an earnestness that surprised him, for he had never breathed the secret of his heart to a living soul, nor dreamed that she had caught of interest in his welfare more than any other; but the ingenuousness of her manner caused a ray of hope to cross his mental vision, that it had never known before.

"The field of enterprise is more extensive there," he said, "and I must be the architect of my own fortune. Yet, Miss Thornton," continued he, with faltering accents, "I must say a few words at parting, hoping it may not forfeit me your good opinion. Since the time you displayed the kindness of your nature upon this spot, five years ago, your image has been ever present in my heart; and although, knowing the disparity of our conditions, I have tried to shut its avenues against a hopeless passion—it is all in vain. You are sole mistress of my affections; to you alone, of

all your sex, can I yield my undivided love."

The unexpected avowal caused the blood to recede so suddenly from Caroline's cheeks, that he became alarmed; but she instantly recovered herself; and there, in the great temple of nature, with the green trees and the blue sky for a canopy, declared a reciprocal attachment, and pledged herself to await the realization of the competence he hoped to obtain in the Far West. He did not meet her again after that evening, but departed with full faith in her pledged word, buoyant with hope and anticipation.

Five years more passed. He met with brilliant success, and purchased a valuable farm from the profits of his business, intending to leave it to a junior partner, return, and claim the fulfillment of Caroline's promise. He had maintained a regular correspondence, by which he learned her family had met with reverses of fortune, owing to a depreciation in stocks, of which her father was holder to a large amount, and which he had pledged in some business transaction, guaranteeing their par value.

That they had in consequence removed to a smaller estate near New York—that her sister was dead, and her father alone was left; yet the extent of their misfortune he had never dreamed, or he would have flown to their assistance long before. The fear that it might embarrass him and prevent his success, had induced the noble girl to keep him in ignorance of the facts; and the pension of her father, as a soldier of the Revolution, added to her own earnings as instructress in a school, supported them in comfort, though not in affluence.

On the following Spring, Hunter repaired to New York, for the purpose of making some early purchases, in order to have them shipped at the opening of navigation, and intending to bring Caroline back, as a wife, with him on his return.

It was at that early stage of the season when winter, still unwilling to yield the dominion over which he had held such undisputed sway, would summon all his remaining energies—drive the genial influences of his successor far away, and ride forth in all the fury of a February storm. Having completed the purchase of a large quantity of muslin and foreign leather, he was turning from Ferry street, where the principal business in that commodity is transacted,—into Pearl, on his way to a hotel of the same name, when his attention was arrested by the appearance of three young men, nearly his own age, who issued into the street immediately in advance, with flushed countenances and boisterous conversation, that showed plainly they had been indulging in drunken revelry. The street lamps were just being lighted, and the cold, threatening clouds that hung heavily over the city all day, had settled into a chilling snow-storm. There was something in the voice and manner of one of them, that attracted his attention; the tones seemed familiar to his ear; but the conversation was so mixed up with profane and vulgar language, it was impossible to recognize it. He lingered in their rear, striving to recall it to his memory, but in vain, and was about to quicken his pace, in order to pass them by, just as they approached the steps of a closed shop, where an old man had sunk from exhaustion or from cold.

"Hallo!" said one of the trio, "old fellow, you have got more than you can carry, and Charley must bring a wheelbarrow, or you'll perish in the street."

"I am not intoxicated," the old man replied, in a feeble voice; "I have walked far to-day, and am unable to proceed. Be kind enough to help me to a place of shelter, or I perish from the cold."

"Not drunk, and yet can't walk," retorted the other. "Look here, old boy, we are all three drunk, and can walk too if we keep together; so good night, we have got all we can do to take care of ourselves, and I would advise you next time to get a boon companion or two, like these, to help you walk."

So saying, he spurred the old man with his foot, and then all three reeled away together.

And the degraded, unfeeling wretch, who thus mocked the miseries of that aged man, was George Masterton, once a youth of promise and respectability, now an outcast and a drunkard. Yet the avenger was on his track, and a miserable death in the street, not many months afterwards, with no one to soothe his dying agonies, or to follow his unhonored ashes to their last resting-place, was the reward of his folly and his guilt. Hunter hastened to the assistance of the old man, conveyed him to a place of shelter, and procured medical assistance, which soon restored him. The two gazed a moment upon each other, a mutual recognition took place; and the old gentleman (for it was Col. Thornton), grasped the hand of his future son-in-law.

The Colonel told the story of his misfortunes, and the manner in which they had supported themselves after the loss of his property—how on the day before he had left home on foot to obtain his annuity, but was told, on his arrival at the Pension Office, the fund had been some time exhausted, and was not yet replaced, although many a war-worn soldier was thus left in penury and want. That he had left the office penniless, and with a heavy heart, and had proceeded thus far when he was obliged to stop from fatigue. "And," continued he, "but for your timely assistance, I must have perished in the street."

Hunter sympathized with his misfortunes, although, so far as himself was concerned, he rejoiced at it, as the means of unfolding to his view the nobleness of Caroline's character; and affording the best proof that he loved her only for herself. Their stay in the city was of short duration. He hastened to the residence of his intended, and bore her and her father to his own happy home. The remainder of our story is best told by

quoting an article from a newspaper, printed in the Queen City of the West:

"Thomas Hunter, one of the members elected to the Legislature from this county, served an apprenticeship to a shoemaker, and has risen by his own efforts to his present wealth and influence; yet he is not ashamed to have it known abroad, and is untiring in his efforts to diffuse knowledge amongst the laboring classes. His wife is a fit companion for such a man, dispensing blessings with unsparring hand, visiting the habitations, and ameliorating the condition of the sick and the poor."

THE FINANCES.—MR. SPENCER'S REPORT.

WASHINGTON, Monday, Dec. 11.

The Report of the Secretary of the Treasury appears in this morning's National Intelligencer. It is a very long but at the same time a very able, and, what is better, a frank and manly document. Mr. Spencer devotes a column to straitening out the accounts of former years, which had been tangled up by State Deposits, Loans, Treasury Notes, &c., and by the change of the commencement of the Fiscal year from 1st January to 1st July, after which he launches boldly upon the troubled sea of Finance, truthfully stating and fearlessly suggesting. I will present a few of his more important facts for the benefit (though they don't deserve it) of those who will not read the whole Report, as every voter, at least, ought to do.

1. Of the Public Debt.—During the four years of Mr. Van Buren's Administration, the average Annual Expenditure of the Government for all purposes but Public Debt were over Twenty-eight Millions of Dollars, which aggregate was swelled to Thirty odd Millions by his Secretary's absurd fancy of deeming that the Treasury Notes constituted a debt, and so making their payment swell by so much the Expenditures. During the succeeding three years, the average Expenditure has been a little under Twenty-four Millions and a half—a reduction of three and a half millions. During the former period the Annual Revenue averaged Twenty-one Millions; during the latter eighteen Millions and a quarter. Of course, the Government has been running behind hand ever since Mr. Van Buren's elevation to the Presidency.

During Mr. Van Buren's term the constant deficit was supplied by eating up the balance of some eight Millions (beyond the amount Distributed to or Deposited with the States) left by Gen. Jackson in the Treasury; then by encroaching in like manner the eight Millions and a quarter over received from the Bank of Pennsylvania for the Government's seven Millions of Stock in the U. S. Bank; then by eight Millions and a half received from debts due and other funds existing before Mr. Van Buren's accession, and by the issue of Treasury Notes. When Mr. Van Buren retired, all available resources had been eaten up, and a public debt of some \$1,000,000 created by the issue of outstanding Treasury Notes. Since that time, this debt has been swelled by the average annual deficit of some six Millions and a quarter, with the accruing interest, until it now amounts to some twenty-five millions of dollars. (Mr. Spencer does not state the precise sum, nor devote a chapter to the growth and present state of this debt, as he ought clearly to have done.) The practical question presented, however, is this—Ought we, in a time of profound peace and of general though moderate prosperity to allow this debt to go on increasing? We say emphatically No! Let us commence its repayment forthwith. But for the wretched, knavish demagogue clamor of Loco Focoism against "taxing the poor man's Tea and Coffee" in 1842, we should have at least essentially checked its growth in 1842; now the work must be postponed no longer.

2. Of Revenue.—The Receipts of the Fiscal year 1842 fell a little short of twenty millions; the expenditures, including interest on the public debt, were about twenty-five millions—a clear deficit of five millions. For the current year, the income of the first quarter, (ending Sept. 30th last) was over six millions and a half—over six millions from customs alone. For the remaining three-quarters of the year, the receipts are estimated at a little less than thirteen millions—only eleven millions and a quarter from customs. [We think this must be too low—that the receipts of the three quarters ending next July cannot fall below double those of the one ending with last September.] The total expenditures of the current year are estimated at about twenty-five millions and a half, showing a deficit of nearly six millions, (which we believe will be reduced by excess of receipts from customs over the Secretary's estimate to between four and five millions—still a very heavy sum.) For the year commencing July 1st, 1844, the Secretary estimates the receipts from customs at twenty millions, from lands at two millions and a quarter, and other sources at fifty thousand dollars—total twenty-two millions three hundred thousand dollars; against which the expenditures will be over twenty-five millions and three quarters, beside one million for interest on the public debt, making a total of almost twenty-seven millions, and showing a deficit of over four millions and a half.

Here is a rather dreary prospect—let it be met manfully. Retrenchment is the first resource, and we trust it will be pushed to the utmost. We have larger faith in it than the Secretary has, though he makes some judicious suggestions. I believe the expenditures might be reduced three millions without detriment to the public service; but this must begin by a reduction of at least twenty-five per cent. from the pay and mileage of Congress, and what Congress will make this? The retrenchments specifically proposed by the Secretary would not save more than one million per annum, if so much.

The next resource is an augmentation of duties or an imposition of duties on articles now admitted free. Mr. Spencer meets this issue fairly. The idea of a resort to direct taxation is preposterous—no party or congressional body will seriously propose it. A considerable body will seriously propose it. A title immediate cash might be realized from a reduction of the price of the public lands, but this would diminish the future revenue of the Government far more than it would increase the present—so that it would not work substantial relief to the Treasury, but the contrary. There is just one practicable mode left, and that is to impose duties on tea and coffee, as was provided in the tariff bill vetoed by John Tyler. By very moderate specific duties on these articles—duties for Revenue strictly, and which could have no other purpose—an increase of four millions per annum might be realized, which, with the gen-

eral and steady increase of revenue consequent on the growing prosperity of the country, and a reasonable retrenchment of expenditures, would at once swell the revenue above the expenditures and speedily wipe off the existing debt. Such is the true and obvious course. How will it be considered by those who raised the clamor against taxing tea and coffee in 1842?

—I will not farther analyze the Report: since it ought to be universally read.

H. G.

THE PUNISHMENT OF DEATH.

We hear very little of late from the advocates of the abolition of the law making death the penalty for murder. The agitation of the question, if it has not been given over by those with whom it originated, has apparently died away, and the public mind seems to have settled down into a firm conviction—from which indeed it was never greatly moved—of the justice, expediency and necessity of persevering the law as it now stands on the statute book. Facts are continually coming to light which tend still more powerfully to strengthen and justify this conviction; but we do not recollect to have seen any more convincing than the following statement from his own mouth, of the motives which led a murderer to imbrue his hands in blood, and of the light in which he viewed the impending punishment. It is related of Henson, in Dover, N. H., who our readers will recollect, some time since murdered his wife under circumstances of peculiar horror. The Morning Star, published at Dover, the place where he is imprisoned, says:

"The crime of murder was recently committed in an adjoining town at noonday. The murderer, possessed no malice towards his victim. She had often treated him with kindness. He had been sheltered beneath her roof and fed at her table. Why, then, did he take her life? Simply for her money. This he afterwards confessed. After he was arrested and brought to Dover, he was asked what he thought the penalty of his crime would be. He replied, from seven to ten years imprisonment in the State Prison. He was informed that, according to the laws of the State, the penalty for murder was death. At this he appeared to be thunderstruck. 'That law,' said he, 'was repealed at the last session. You are mistaken said his informant. The question of repeal was agitated, but the law was not repealed—it stands on the statute book in full force. I mention this circumstance to show the salutary influence of the law. If this man had not supposed that the law referred to had not been repealed, he would probably never have committed that awful crime; and thus he would have been saved from the guilt of murder; and his innocent victim would not have suffered a violent and untimely death. It shows also that ordinary misadventures and revenge would lead to crimes, if the restraint of penal law were removed.—N. Y. Cour. & Eng.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE VERMONT TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

The Central Committee of the Vermont Temperance Society hereby remind the officers and the members of the Society and the friends of Temperance, generally, throughout the state, that the annual meeting stands adjourned to the 2d Wednesday—the 10th day of January, next—at Rutland. The society will be called to order at 10 o'clock, A. M., and the proceedings will occupy, it is expected, both Wednesday and Thursday. Friends of temperance, from other States, who desire to attend, are respectfully invited to appear and lend in their names.

In the name of that great body whose organs we are, and with the urgency which is called for by the moral exigencies of our commonwealth, the central committee request all *Temperance Societies* to appear at this meeting, by their delegates. There is reason to fear that the Temperance cause, in large sections of the state, is losing ground—that the use of intoxicating drink is increasing—the reformed persons are becoming again ensnared in habits of intemperance; that pledged men are falling from their steadfastness, and that rum-sellers, even without a license, are maintaining a traffic with increased hardihood and audacity.

The Central committee have failed—although not for want of attention and effort—to obtain a State Agent. The obstacle is that the Committee are entirely without pecuniary means, and can offer only presumptive evidence—and that not of the strongest kind—that the country or town Societies will readily sustain a State agent and its necessary co-ordinate expenses. We respectfully suggest, therefore, and call the attention of the Presidents of the town Societies (since theirs is peculiarly the responsibility) to the suggestion; that every delegate come prepared to answer, by authority, the question what your Society or town will do to support a general system of temperance operation.

Yellow-citizens, circumstances call on you to determine—and at this annual meeting the question, it would seem, must be settled—whether or not Vermont shall take a decided and self-sustaining stand, with respect to general and united Temperance operation—whether our State organization, strong and complete as it is, shall exist to make itself practically felt, or only a man of straw that does not fright the cruel drunk-dealer from his prey. Let us content the cost before we decide. Every month of apathy and inactivity occasions to community losses fiscal, social and moral—losses immense, incalculable, irredeemable; while an entire year of the most active and beneficial labor would cost—ten cents to each pledged individual in the State.

One thing more. It was made, at the last annual meeting, the duty of the Central Committee to forward to the different societies, blanks for statistical returns,—such as the number, in each town, of druggists, of temperance men, &c. &c. These blanks the Committee have forwarded to the Presidents of the Society. The forms sent will contain all necessary further information. Attention to this matter is of great and instant importance.

By order of the Committee,
ALEX. C. TWING, Chairman.

Middlebury, Dec. 6th, 1843.

A lively country girl had a bashful lover whose name was Locke. She got out of patience with him at last, and in her anger declared that Shakespeare had not said half as many bad things as he ought to about Sir Locke.